

Buy it at Home this Christmas. Keep Prosperity in this Town

Everything for Xmas

FOR MEN

RAZORS.....	50c to \$2.50	REVOLVERS.....	\$5.00 to \$18.00
RAZOR HONES.....	50c to \$1.00	KEY RINGS AND CHAINS.....	10c
RAZOR BRUSH.....	25c	RAZOR STROPS.....	25c to \$1.00
POCKET KNIVES.....	10c to \$2.50	LEGGINGS.....	35c to \$4.50

FOR WOMEN

SCISSORS.....	10c to \$1	PERCUTATORS.....	\$2 to \$4
CARVING SETS.....	\$1.50 to \$8.00	ELECTRIC PERCUTATORS.....	\$5.00
KITCHEN KNIVES.....	5c to \$1.00	ELECTRIC IRONS.....	\$4.00
KNIVES AND FORKS.....	\$1.00 to \$5.00	ALUMINUM WARE.....	DISHES
		COPPER KETTLES.....	\$1 to \$1.50

Best grade White Enamelware, four coated. Enterprise Food choppers, Alcohol Stoves, O'Cedar Mops and O'Cedar Shingles

We cannot begin to mention all of the different articles we have for the Christmas trade. The variety is endless and will be pleasing to any or every member of the family.

We mention only a few of the leaders and best sellers, but there are hundreds of others just as important and as desirable. Prices are very close.



FOR BOYS



BOYS LEGGINGS.....	50c	WATCHES.....	\$1 to \$2
POCKET KNIVES.....	10c to \$2.50	BOYS WAGONS.....	75c to \$8
FRENCH HARPS.....	5c to 25c	RIFLES.....	\$2.75 to \$10
JEWS HARPS.....	5c	SINGLE BARREL SHOT GUNS.....	\$5.00
VELOCEPEDES.....	\$2 to \$3.00	FLASH LIGHTS.....	BOYS (Little Red Axes)
		Skates.....	75c to \$2.50

Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. See our Demonstration at Store

FOR THE HOME

OIL STOVE.....	4.50 to \$15.00	Dishes, Aluminum Wares, four coat
OIL HEATERS.....	\$4.50 to \$6.	white Enamelware, Axes, Handles
MALLEABLE STEEL RANGE.....	\$55 to \$65	and unbreakable Plows and Plow
HEATING STOVES.....	\$1.50 to \$35	Fixtures, Nissen wagons, Lanterns,
CHURNS—ALL KINDS.		50c to \$1.50. Brooms, Water Hose,
AGENT FOR SHARPLESS CREAM		Ironing Board, Havoline Motor Oil,
SEPERATORS. See one at store.		All size packages.
RANGES.....	\$25 to \$65	

It is easy to "buy it at home" when the stock is there to select from. We have the stock, and it is high grade, up-to-date, and worth every penny of the price

Hendersonville Hardware Co.

John Henry on Christmas Presents

By GEORGE V. HOBART



AY! Did you ever take what little was left and start out to buy friend wife a Christmas token?

A quaint pastime, is it not?

Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, I, clinked a few iron men together recently and started out to find something new and nifty in the gift line for Peaches.

I was breezing for a department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury.

"I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John, Hep wheezed. "Accident."

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you and your favorite bartender in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered; "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my partner, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag, you can bet on that, John, old pal."

"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back; "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stoop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas presents for Peaches," I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bundle. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they fell exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron woodshed against the time I became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying. "why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3,000. Wait a minute! I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you home you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left him flat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

Say! did you ever get tangled up in

one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a doormat?

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Huer-ta glide, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—to the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 3,943 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a handler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away.

I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way an emotional hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want

to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders!"

The pale young woman faints, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 25,493 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself into second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she roached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Yuletide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 24th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muffled. Carts went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with stealth, as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played, and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tune they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!" As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern guilt which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyages to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A trace of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit is one tremendous white day of unselfishness—a day which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is quite possible that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable:

Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown o' the year! Golden clasp to its round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out, "Plague! I banish, peace! I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.